

GREEN
HORNET
COMICS

no. 29

ON THE
AIR
IN THE
MOVIES

GREEN HORNET

10¢
PER
COPY

COMICS



GREEN HORNET



FROM OUT OF THE DIM, DEAD
ANTICQUITY THAT WAS ONCE
BONNY'S GLORY AND IS NOW
ITS DUSTY RAGS, STRIDES THE
DREAD, SPECTER OF MURDER,
CREATING MYSTERICAL TERROR
IN A GHASTLY EFFORT TO RE-
STORE THE MIGHT OF THE
PHARAOHS! IT IS THEN THAT
NAIPE GREEN HORNET,
LEAPS KNOWLEDGELY TO PRE-
VENT...

"THE MUMMY MURDERS!"

NIGHT-AND THREE FURTIVE
PIECES BUDY WORK...

GRASS! LAST
TIME I WUZ
IN A MOOSEBROOM,
HE OL' MAN
TOOK ME,
BUT WE
HADDA PAY
TA GET IN!

HMM! WE GOT US
A TONNE PAWS
WID DA WANDY
OL' JIMMY HERE!

CUT DA DIS-
SEATING, YOUNG
THOU! WE
AINT SODAMIN'
IN ONLY TA
REMEMBER!

LEADS

HEY, I DON' LIKE
DIS PLACE. GIVES ME
DA CREEPS! (Y-EE-
WOW!) WARDON WE DO
HOWL GUTS?

WE DO
SHUFFIN' GIVE
SHADON' FOR
JODWELL!
DIS JESTN'S
CRAWLIN' WIT DA
STUFF!

WELL, MOT'S DIS
ROOM! AN'
WOT'S DAT...A
COFFIN?
NO...I DON'T
LIKE DIS
TOO SPOOKY!

AK, SHADON'
'COURSE IT'S A
COFFIN! AN'
BENJAMIN KING,
A BIGWIG GEL, IS
KIDNED IN HERE!
BUT DON' WORRY...
HE'S BEEN DEAD
'FREE TOUNDR
YEARS! O'MAN, LET'S
OAKS WOT'EYER!
WE KON CARRY!



G-SLATS!
DIDJA HEAR
ANYTHIN'?

O-COURSE NOT!
IF I D-DID...
Mebbe IT WUZ
A NOISEB...



SLATS, I
TELL YUH
DAT I-YA--
YUWAA!

WHO HOD A
NOISEB...?
Y-YEOWW!

(GULP)-(GULP)
WAVE AINT
D-DON'
NUTTIN'...
(GULP...)
DON
COMB...

G-SLATS!
PLUG 'W-
DIS NOSE
& GO-YOU
DOPE!

DEATH!
TO THE
DEPLEERS
OF MY
TOWNS!

Y-YEOWW!
MY ARM'S
SHAKIN' -
I CAN'T
AM
STRAIGHT!
O-SLATS! DO
SOMETHIN'!

DA TING'S
DOWN! AFTER
ME! Y-YEOWW!
S-SITH! AHHH!

DEATH!
DEATH...
TO THE
GONE-
ROBBERS!





R-NO-! D-DON'T KISS ME! W-WHILL D-DO ANYTHING- (GULP) YOU C-ONE!

YOU WILL? UHH-HMM! IN THAT CASE YOU MAY BE USEFUL TO ME PHAROAH! I AM MONARCH OF THE WORLD-YOU ARE MY SLAVES!

S-SURE. Y-YOUR S-SOVAL HARDNESS. I-I-E HEEN-HIGHNESS! W-WHODDA WANT TO TO?

NEXT MORNING, INTO THE HUMMING, BUSTLING EDITORIAL OFFICES OF A GREAT METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER...

THE DAILY SENTINEL



BEJABBERS, REID SURE AN HAVE I GOT A GEM FOR THE FINAL EDITION! SOME GUNS UP AN' BROCKS INTO THE CITY MUSEUM, AN' CLEAN AS RAIN, MADE OFF WIT' ALL KINDS OF EGYPTIAN STUFF!

W-WHAT?

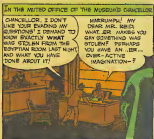


IT'S THE MIGHTY TRUTH I BE GIVIN' YA, REID! GOT THE STORY FROM AN OL' COUNCIL OF MINE, NOT COME FROM COUNTY COUNCIL! UP! IN COUNCIL'S BLAZING AT THE MUSEUM!

LOVEY CALL THE PRESS-ROOM! HAVE THEM YANK THAT COLUMN TWO, PAGE ONE STYLE... TELL THEM TO STAND BY FOR A FOLLOW-UP! MINE! BANG OUT THAT STORY! I'M OFF TO THE MUSEUM MYSELF!

SOMEWHAT LATER... WITHIN THE IMPOSING SPRAWLING STONE BUILDING HOUSING THE CITY ART TREASURES!

CITY MUSEUM



IN THE MUTED OFFICE OF THE MUSEUM'S CHANCELLOR

CHANCELLOR, I DON'T LIKE YOUR ENDING MY QUESTIONS! I DEMAND TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT WAS STOLEN FROM THE EGYPTIAN ROOM LAST NIGHT, AND WHAT YOU HAVE DONE ABOUT IT!

MARRUMPH! MY DEAR MR. REID, WHAT ARE YOU GET SOMETHING WAS STOLEN? PERHAPS YOU HAVE AN OVER-ACTIVE IMAGINATION--?



OVER-ACTIVE MY AUNT MATHILDA! YOU'RE NOT TELLING THE TRUTH, CHANCELLOR, YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THAT I'M ON THE MUSEUM'S BOARD OF TRUSTEES AND I'LL BRING CHARGES AGAINST YOU!

W-WH-HEH... MARRUMPH! OH, MR. REID... THERE THERE, NOW NO REASON TO WORRY YOURSELF! VERY WELL, I'LL TELL YOU I'LL DO BETTER... I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT WAS STOLEN!



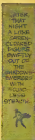
GOOD LORD! THEY SURE DID A GOOD JOB OF IT--RIGHT THEY? HMM... HAVE YOU REPORTED THIS TO THE POLICE, CHANCELLOR?

NO, NOT YET. THE PUBLICITY YOU KNOW. BUT I SHALL--MR. REID, I SHALL...HENT IT DREADFUL, ALL THE GLORIOUS ART TREASURES OF BEAUTIFUL EGYPT GONE--S-STOLEN!



DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, CHANCELLOR! THE POLICE'LL DO THEIR BEST TO RECOVER THE LOST TREASURES! NOW HE LOVES LEAPT AND ALL IT REMEM-BERED!

I-I DON'T HELP IT, MR. REID! THEY HAVE NO UNDERSTANDING, OR, OF WHAT THE RELICS MEAN TO ME... SOME! AND NOW THEY'RE GONE... OUT OF MY SIGHT...



HERE ANKORP'S CORBY! BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF HIM! PROBABLY CAME HERE ON HIS OWN... TO CRACK THIS CASE! HMM... NOT A WORD, NOT A CLUE AS TO WHAT HAPPENED! I'LL TRY OUTSIDE...



NOTHING! DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A TRACE! GOOD LORD, THIS IS SERIOUS! POOR ANKORP...! HOPE NOTHING HAS HAPPENED YET!



CAREFUL SEARCH OF THE GROUND REVEALS NAUGHT... GO BACK TO BLACK BEAUTY, WEARILY, DEJECTEDLY...

YOU SAY HERE ANKORP - HE MAY BE MIDNAPPED, WHAT? SLIT? BUT WHAT NOW?

OBVIOUSLY BECAUSE ANKORP IN HIS OWN COLOUR WAS MANAGED TO COME ACROSS WHO HAD STOLE THE EGYPTIAN ART TREASURES, KATO! ONLY ONE THING TO DO... DRIVE BACK TO "THE CENTRAL"!



HOURS AFTER... AS A NEW DAY DAWNS... IN A BRICKY, BRICKY BUILDING WHOSE NARROW CORRIDORS ARE WELL-WORN BY COUNTLESS CRIMINAL FEET...



THE OFFICE OF INSPECTOR CASBY...

THIS HAS BECOME SERIOUS, INSPECTOR... MIKE ANKORP WAS KIDNAPPED LAST NIGHT AT THE MUSEUM! NOT A CLUE!

IT'S WORSE THAN THAT, SIR! TWO OF MY BEST MEN DISAPPEARED WHILE ON DUTY! AND AS FOR CLUES... NOTHING! MIKE WAS WITH 'EM I UNDERSTAND!



INSPECTOR... THE BOY JUST CAME FOR YOU, EXPRESS... BUT WE'RE TOO SCARED TO LOOK!

WH-WHAT IN--? WELL, PUT IT DOWN! OPEN IT! CAN'T BE SCARED FOREVER!



A MOMENT AFTER... THE LID OPENED... STARK, GRISLY HORROR!

Y-YEOWWW! I-IT'S A M-MUMM!

GREAT SCOT! THAT POLICE BADGE... IT MUST BE ONE OF YOUR MEN, CASBY! THAT NOTE... WHAT DOES IT SAY?... WHO COULD HAVE SENT IT?



REO-IF THAT IS ONE OF... MY BOYS, I'LL... QUICK MUSEUM, UNCOVER IT!

O-HRR... INSPECTOR... IT'S C-CLANCY, JIM CLANCY, MY OLD BUDDY! WHEN JOINED THE POLICE TOGETHER...

CLANCY? ONE OF MY BEST MEN... REO, JUST LOOK AT WHAT THEY DID TO HIM! IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO... I'LL TRACK DOWN THE KILLERS... H-HEAVENLY SAK, I'M SCARED TO...



BARRY INSPECTOR... GIVE ME THE NOTE!



THE PHARON, BUT HMM... THE PHARON!

THAT DARK NIGHT... CALCULATING CRIMINAL SWEEPS ROUTES AND WITH DIFFICULTY READ...

HE'D LIKE TO KNOW DS! I'LL BRING 'EM HOME A COPY! YESSSSSS!



IMMEDIATELY AFTER IN A BIZARRE SETTING...

I T'HOUGHT YOU'D WANNA READ DAT... INKERNSTEN, AMN' IT'S

QUITE! IT CALLED MY MIND TO WORK ALONG CERTAIN... SHALL I SAY DESTRUCTIVE GAIN... HELLO, HMM... QUITE GO! AND REMEMBER, WARR, ADDRESS ME WITH ACCE RESPECT OR YOU'LL BE THROWN TO MY SACRED SER-VENTS!

YEH, SLAVE. YOOOTTA SPEAK BETTER TA DA PHARAOH!



PHARAOH...NOT'RS WE SONNA DO WIT' DAT OODER COPE AN' DABE - PORTER! WE GOT COOPED UP DOWN IN THE CELLAR! BOMP!

THEY SHALL BE SACRIFICED TO THE GREAT GOD, RA WHEN THE MOON HAS REACHED ITS ASCENDANCY! MEANWHILE... I HAVE OTHER PLANS! LISTEN!



AND IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN... MEANWHILE...



IN AN OLD WAREHOUSE BELONGING TO THE DAILY SENTINEL...

SET IN KATO! I RUM NEED PLENTY OF HELP IF MY PLAN WORKS! I'VE SIZED UP WHAT MAKES THE "MUMMY" YOK. HE WON'T BE ABLE TO RESIST BREAKING IN HERE AND SWIPING THE STUFF, THINKING IT'S REALLY EGYPTIAN ART TREASURES, AND NOT

OLD PIECES OF JUNK! YES, I SEE, AMN! BLITT! BUT HOW'S MUMMY KNOW TO COME HERE T



THAT FINE NEWS STORY I PRINTED IN "THE SENTINEL" CONTAINED THE ADDRESS OF THE WAREHOUSE WHERE THE CAKE EXPLODER, REYNOLD MS, STORED HIS TREASURES. CON-CEALABLE IN THERE, KAT? CAREFUL WITH THAT PANT!



THE PASSING MOMENTS AS ALWAYS TAKE THEIR OWN GOOD TIME... SILENT IS THE ANCIENT WAREHOUSE, AND THEN DENOISELY...

WH-WHAT WAS TH-? ON-ON! THAT SHADOW, BEHIND THE DOOR! THE MUMMY HAS ARRIVED!



BUT AS THE MIMBLE OUTLAW CHARGES IN ONE DIRECTION, FROM ANOTHER...

AT LAST, WE MEET, MUMMY! AND WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU... UGH!

YEH... THINK AGAIN, BIG SHOT!



YOU'RE GOING FOR A RIDE AND YOU'RE GOOON!

HEY! LOOK! OUT! IT'S MY WIFE!





GOOD! AND NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO STARTER!



ENOUGH OF THIS! FINISH HIM OFF, FOOL!

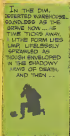
TH-THAT VOICE! IT! OHHH!

OOOH!



HURRY, YOU PIECES OF DIRT! CARRY AWAY THE ART TREASURES! MY TREASURES!

...YES, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS!



IN THE DIM, DESERTED WAREHOUSE, SOUNDLESS AS THE GRAVE NOW... AS TIME TICKS AWAY, THE FORM LIES UNM, LIFELESSLY SPEAKLESS AS THOUGH ENVELOPED IN THE SHADOWY ARMS OF DEATH, AND THEN...



A SPARK FLARES INTO A FLAME, IGNITING A SLUMBERING BRAIN... AND CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS!

UPPER! MY HEAD! DOWN! LOOKS LIKE MY PLAN WORKED ALMOST TOO WELL! CRATES ARE GONE, THE MUMMY TOOK THEM! FINE! THAT WIMPOUS PAINT WILL LEAD ME TO HIS LAIR! I HOPE!



OUTSIDE, SHARPLY OUTLINED BY THE MOON CLEAR LIGHT, LEGIONS OF LUMINOUS PAINT IN GLEAMING TRAIL!

THE MUMMY MUST'VE USED A TRUCK OF SOME SORT TO CART THE CRATES AWAY... AS LONG AS KATO KEEPS DROPPING THAT PAINT THROUGH THE HOLE IN HIS CRATE, BLACK BEAUTY'LL TAKE ME THERE!



REMARKABLY PROTECTED FROM TRYING EVERY, A SECRET MANSION, SINGULAR WITH PEAK, WHERE...

QUICK PLAYER! INTO THE THRONE ROOM! YOU MUST PREPARE THE SACRIFICED TO RAISE THE MOON HAS REACHED ITS ZENITH!



WITHIN THE CRUMBLING-WALLED BUILDING A MIND-BEELING SPECTACLE-RELIC OF THE AGES LONG THOUGHT DEAD--THE THRONE ROOM OF THE PARADISE!

YES, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS! AT ONCE!



QUICKLY, QUICKLY! FETCH THE POLICEMAN AND THE REPORTER FROM THE DUNGEON BELOW! THE MOON RISES! ALL GLORY TO THE FALCON GOD!

GOO!



SO! I HAVE
BROKEN YOUR
SLIPPER, MY PET!
AH!...SOON YOU
WILL BE GREAT-
FUL TO YOUR
PHAROH!



THEN, DISHEVELLED...DUTY,
BRANDS...MICK JAGGERS AND
THE BEATING POLICEMAN...
FACE HORROR!

(GASP)...WH-WHY
DON'T YOU GET IT
OVER WITH IF
IT'S KILLIN' Y'VE
GOT IN MIND! SHE
CAN'T STAND IT
NO MORE....
(GASP...)

SILENCE! THE
CEREMONY WILL
BEGIN! -OH, GREAT
AND GLORIOUS RA,
HEAR ME AS I
OFFER THESE TWO
WORTHLESS UN-
BELIEVERS! FOR
YOU I TOSS THEM
TO THE S-C-R-I-B
SERPENTS! LOSE!



TOSS THEM
TO THE
S-C-R-I-B
SERPENTS
QUICKLY!

MOVE
YOUR TWO
Y-HEADS
NEARER,
OR
PHAROH!

OH! NO!
O-DOH!



BUT AS GLIMY POINTED HEADS POSE TO
STRIKE DEATH FROM VENOMOUS FANGS...
WITHOUT WARNING!

HANDS OFF
THOSE MEN,
YOU YELLOW-
LIVERED
LUNATICS!

HIM! IT'S
THE S-GREEN
H-HORNBY!
YELLOW!

S-SURROUND
HIM! HE MUST
BE DESTROYED!
I PHAROH,
COMMAND!



PHAROH, EN?
WHEN I FINISH
WITH YOU, YOU'LL BE
KING OF YOUR OWN
LITTLE DEATH CELL-AND
AS FOR YOU TWO...

COURAGE! I
COME! THERE
SHALL BE A
BLOODY END MADE
TO HIM!



WILDLY VICIOUS CHARGE AS
THE GREEN-BARRED OUTLAW
DEFIANTLY SIGGESTERS, AND...



IN THE FACE OF DEATH...
MYSTERIOUS BEHAVIOR BY
THE MASKED MAN!

NOW, THIS'LL
EVEN THING
UP!



OR IF IT'S...FOR OUT OF THE
SMASHED CRATE...FATHERFUL
KATO!

NOW,
LET'S WRITE A
PREFACE TO
THIS STORY!

AND
HOW!

S-BUT...
WH-WHERE
DID HE COME
FROM? NO
MATTER!
S-BOTH JUST
ONE!

AND AS FOUR ROCK-MARTY TISTS
DAP RIGHT OVER, RIGHT ON
WEAK CRIMINAL JAW, IN BACK...



LAY
OFF!
I-F
G-QUIT!

THERE!

I MUST FLEE!
THEY ARE
NOT TO BE
STOPPED!

CAN SHOW NO
MERCY, JUST
THE SHIRT-
SLIPPED HOOD-
LOUNG MEETINGS.

YA-A-AGN!



SOON! OUR PHARAOH FRIEND
BUPPED AWAY KATO. I'VE
GOT A GOOD IDEA WHERE
AND HOW TO HURR HIS KISS!
BACK INSIDE NOW!
WE'VE STILL GOT
WORK HERE!



A MOMENT LATER, INSIDE ----

SLATS HILL! HMM...
KED, THIS'S THE
STRANGEST CASE
WE'VE EVER
WORKED ON! DO
YOU KNOW WHY?

ALL THIS FOR
THE MOTIVE FOR
ALL THIS...

YES MIST'
BUTT, MOST
STRANGE!
IT APPEARS
INSANE! THE
OTHER ONE'S
DEAD! HENRED
SHAKED DOWN
THERE IN FIT!



WAIT A MINUTE! I HAVE IT!
THE HUMAN, THE ONE WHO
SHIPPED CALLED HIMSELF
PHARAOH! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE
HE HIMSELF REALLY BELIEVED
THAT! IF HE DID, THE MAN IS
INSANE! AND FOR THAT
REASON, TWICE AS DAN-
GEROUS! WHO I'VE GOT
A PHONE CALL TO MAKE!



INSTANTLY AFTER...FROM A
PHONE IN THE MANSION'S
STUDY--

HELLO, INSPECTOR GARDY?
NEVER MIND WHO THIS IS!
SAY SOME MEN OUT TO
SOUTH ROAD, LAST HOUSE!
YOU'LL FIND A MAN YOU'RE
INTERESTED IN, SLATS HILL!
AND A CORPSE, TOO. ALSO
THE STOLEN ART TREASURES.
G'LONG INSPECTOR!



HEY!
WAIT!
HOLD ON!
WH-MO'RE
YOU--
BAH!
HE'S UP!

NEXT
DAY...

AT CITY MUSEUM AS RECOVERED ART TREASURES
WERE REPLACED...

ALL RIGHT MEN...DO
AS THE CHANCELLOR
SAYS! PUT THE STUFF
BACK WHERE HE
TELLS YOU!



OVER THERE
WITH THAT
BARDOPHAGUS!
I DON'T KNOW
HOW TO THANK
YOU, INSPECTOR
GARDY! LOSING
THESE TREASURES
WAS...WELL, LIKE
LOSING AN OLD
CLOTHED FRIEND!
AND NOW...THEY'RE
BACK, THANKS
TO YOU!



...LONELY MOMENTS LATER, AS DARK
SILENCE BATHED THE EGYPTIAN
ROOM AND ITS
RESTORED TREASURES— OUT
OF THE SHADOWS, SINGLES
AND WITHOUT SOUND...WHEN
DAY IS DONE...



THE FOOLS!
THEY IMAGINED
THEY COULD KEEP
ME FROM MY
BED! I'M SO
TIRED! I
NEED SLEEP!
YES—



AS EXPECTED—

OH!
GREEN
WORMET!

CORRECT, CHUM!
IT WAS SITTING
AWFULLY
STUPIDLY IN
HERE WAITING
FOR YOU!



YOU
HAVEN'T
GOT ME
YET!

I KNEW YOU'D
COME BACK
TO YOUR
SARCOPHAGUS
MY FRIEND!



IT'S...WILL
STOP YOU LONG
ENOUGH FOR
ME TO ESCAPE
YOU! TO ESCAPE
EVERYONE! I
CAN'T BE
ARRESTED!
I...AM
PHAROAH!

4-YOU'RE
INSANE!
I'LL....
O-GOOP!



I AM
IMMORTAL!
I SHALL
RETURN
IN ANOTHER
FORM!
I-YAAAA!

NO! COME
BACK FROM
THAT WINDOW
GOOD
LORD!



SHORT SECONDS LATER...

NOW AT LAST I'LL
SEE WHO THE MURDERER
IS AND...THE CHANCELLOR!
FROM...! WILL CHASE
HIM! HE'S THE ONE
WHO'S OUT! HAH!
BETTER PHONE HIM, THEN
OFF BACK TO THE
PAPER!



LATER...POST-MORTEM
IN BRITT REID'S OFFICE....

THE EXTRA
SMOOTH, ISN'T IT?
DAY NINE...I'VE
BEEN WONDERING
WHERE YOU WERE
THOSE TWO DAYS,
AND HOW COME
YOU WOUND UP
AT CITY
HOSPITAL?

AM...SURE
AM IT WAS
A SLIGHT
ILLNESS
I'VE BEEN
KEEPING ACTION
SERIOUS
OFFICER O'TOOLE
HAD THE SAME
TROUBLE! REID,
YOU JACKASS—TH
MURDER ONLY TRIED
TO KILL ME, AM
OFFICER O'TOOLE!



AM, REID! HOW
DO YOU FIGURE OUT
THE KILLER?

THE CHANCELLOR PROBABLY
BELIEVED HE WAS THE REIN-
CARNATION OF A PHAROAH! HE
HAD GYP AND SLAVE STEAL
ART TREASURES FOR HIS OWN
USE, POOR MAN...HE WAS
HOPELESSLY INSANE—THAT'S
WHY HE JUMPED OUT OF THE
WINDOW! HE COULDN'T BE
ARRESTED LIKE YOU OR I—
HE WAS A PHAROAH!



SPRIT '76

TERROR stalked the Allied shipping lanes in the South Pacific--

SINKING SHIP AFTER SHIP
FOLLOW THE
TRAIL OF
TERROR

EMERGED OUT OF THE WATERY DEPTHS--
EMERGED THE GRIM KILLER!! A TINY, BUT DEADLY
JAP TWO-MAN SLEWAMINE--BUT HOW DID THESE
LETHAL SUBS GET BY THE EVER-WATCHFUL ALLIED
PATROL--TO CARRY ON THEIR SYSTEMATIC SINKINGS
THOUSANDS OF MILES FROM THEIR HOME BASES?
THE ESTIMATED RANGES OF THESE SHARKS OF THE
DEEP IS 500 MILES--YET THERE WAS A REPORTED
SINKING SOME 1800 MILES FROM THE NEAREST
JAP-HELD PORT!! THIS WAS THE MYSTERY THAT
FACED THE SPIRIT OF '76 AND HIS FAITHFUL
COMPANION TUBBY REYNOLDS--IN THE
ADVENTURE OF--

"THE TIGER SHARK'S LAIR!"



FLY OVER THE PACIFIC, CAPT. GARY BLANKY AND TUBBY REYNOLDS FLY TOWARD ANOTHER DANGEROUS MISSION--



I GUESS WE'RE FAR ENOUGH OUT TO OPEN THE SEALED CIGARETTES, EH, TUBBY?



SEEMS TO ME WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DRINK!! OPEN UP, AND LET'S HEAR WHAT THE BIG BOYS HAVE COOKED UP FOR US!!

LET'S SEE NOW---"ALLIED HEAD-QUARTERS"--BLAH--BLAH--"AH-- HERE WE ARE-- CAPT. BLANKY AND REYNOLDS ARE TO PROCEED BY FIRST AVAILABLE TRANSPORTATION TO DARWIN, AUSTRALIA, AND THERE TAKE COMMAND OF A SURFACE VESSEL--" THEY--



COMMAND OF A SURFACE VESSEL--WE'RE GOING TO BE ADMIRALS!!

"QUIET! LET ME FINISH! --"THEY WILL THEN PROCEED WITH THEIR VESSEL TO MANAGARR IN THE JAP-HELD CELEBES--" THE COURSE, PARTICULARS, AND PURPOSE OF THE MISSION WILL BE EXPLAINED BY THE COMMANDANT OF THE PORT OF DARWIN PRIOR TO THEIR EMBARKING!



WOOF!

YOU MEAN TO SAY WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHY WE'RE GOING OUT ON THIS JOB?



NO, BUT WE KNOW WHERE--"WH--"JAP-HELD CELEBES SOUNDS TIDY!! WELL, NO USE WORRYING TILL WE FIND OUT MORE AT DARWIN!

FOUR HOURS LATER-- AT DARWIN--



HOW DO YOU DO, GENTLE- MEN? I'M DOUGLAS, WAGON OFFICER FOR PORT COMMANDANT. MY ORDERS ARE TO PUT YOU ABOARD THE VESSEL YOU'RE TO--



COMMAND AND GIVE YOU THE COMPLETE DETAILS OF YOUR MISSION!!



COMMAND! WOW!

THERE'S YOUR SHIP GENTLEMEN!! WE'LL GO ABOARD IMMEDIATELY!!



THAT CRUISER?



No!

THE JAPANESE HAVE BEEN
CARRYING OUT LONG RANGE
ATTACKS ON OUR SHIPPING.
FROM SURVIVORS WE'VE
LEARNED THAT THE JAPS
ARE USING TINY TWO-MAN
SUBS! YOUR TASK WILL BE
TO PROCEED TO MAKASSAR
IN THE--



--NATIVE SAILING SHIP--
DISGUISED AS NATIVE SEAMEN!
BY ARRIVAL, JOIN THE FLEET OF
NATIVE CRAFT THAT THE JAPS
HAVE FORCED INTO SERVICE--
DISCOVER HOW THE JAPS
HAVE MANAGED TO--



CARRY OUT THEIR LONG RANGE
ATTACKS IN THOSE TINY SUBS
WELL, I MUST GET
BACK AND YOU'VE A
JOB TO DO--
GOOD LUCK!



WE'LL DO
OUR BEST,
BO LONG!

ADMIRALS, HERE! LOOK AT THIS BARGE!! LOOKS LIKE
ONE OF THE SHIPS COLUMBUS DISCOVERED AMERICA
IN-- LOOK AT THAT GUY, STEERING WITH HIS FEET!!

--THESE NATIVE SHIPS, OR PALARI TUB,
WERE COPIED FROM PORTUGUESE SAILING
SHIPS OF 400 YEARS AGO-- THE REASON
THE HELMSMAN STEERS WITH HIS FEET IS SO
HE'LL STAY AWAKE-- WELL, LET'S GET
INTO DISGUISE!!



WELL, HOW DO I LOOK, GARY!!

HA HA! PRETTY GOOD,
TUB, BUT WE'D BETTER
GET HADRI TO BE OUR
TURBAN-- IT'S KNOWN
TRICKY GUESS!

ARE, TUB,
I MAKE
TURBAN
TO LOOK
JAPS!



ENTER TWO GRAB-BUCKLING
NATIVE SEA CAPTAINS APPEAR
ON THE QUARTER DECK--



DAY AFTER DAY THEY
PALM-FENCED TROPIC
SEAS UNTIL FINALLY--



JAP-HELD MAKASSAR--

WELL!
HERE WE GO!
INTO THE
LION'S DEN!



NOW TO FIND THE JAP COMMANDER OF THE FORT---HMM---NONE IN SMATTERING OF THE NATIVE LANGUAGE FOLKS AM!! IT BETTER!!



DON'T LOOK NOW---BUT WE'VE GOT OURSELVES A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!!



"SALUTATIONS, HONORABLE SOLDIERS!! WE COME TO OFFER OURSELVES AND OUR SHIP IN THE SERVICE OF THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN!"

GARY AND TUB ARE ESCORTED TO THE JAP FORT COMMANDER'S HEADQUARTERS---



BAZAA!
BAZAA!



POST--TUB! YOU CAN'T TALK THE NATIVE JAPANESE WELL ENOUGH SO YOU'D BETTER WAIT OUT HERE!



20 HALF HOUR RANGES--



SALAMAT ALIH JANN--BY CURTAIN EXIT, P!!



WHA. SHE SEEMS TO BE TRYING TO TELL ME IT'S HOT HERE IN THE SUN-- BUT IT SURE IS-- WISH I COULD FIND SOME SHADE AROUND HERE---



WHA. SHE WANTS TO SHOW ME A COOLER SPOT---



MUST BE SOME KIND OF A NATIVE EATING PLACE-- WONDER WHAT THOSE JAPS ARE WORKING ON IN THAT SHIPWRECK?



OH BROTHER, THIS IS THE LIFE! KUM-KUM-- TOO BAD GARY ISN'T IN ON THIS DEAL!



OH, OH! HERE WE GO AGAIN! WONDER WHAT SHE WANTS TO SHOW ME? MUST BE SOMETHING OUT ON THE BALCONY-- WELL, LEAD ON, KIDDO!



IN THE SHADOWS JUST IN BACK OF TUBBY---



OOPS! BOY, OH CLING-- TRIPPIN' OVER THAT STEP. I'LL KILL MYSELF SOME DAY!



**A WHITE MAN!!
WHO ARE YOU? SPEAK,
OR-- YOU DIE!!!**

HUH??

**I SEE YOU ON DOCK--YOU
OFFER TO HELP JAPS!! WHO
ARE YOU, WHITE MAN??**

**HAHA--THEY MUST BE
LOYAL TO THE ALLIES.**

**A THOUSAND PARDONS, BUT
WE THOUGHT YOU WERE A
NATIVE TRAITOR!! THAT IS
WHY WE TRIED TO KILL YOU!
COME UPSTAIRS--MY BROTHER
BALON AND I WILL SHOW YOU
A JAP SECRET!!**

**ALL RIGHT--I'LL TELL YOU!
I'M AN AMERICAN COME TO FIND
OUT HOW THE JAPS HAVE BEEN
CARRYING OUT THEIR SUBMARINE
WARFARE AGAINST OUR SHIPPING!**

**LOOK THERE THAT DROWNING
TEAM--NEXT DOOR IS A JAP
SHED--!! THERE THEY
GUARD THEIR SECRETS! NO
NATIVE IS ALLOWED
ENTRANCE-- LOOK!**

**ALL I CAN SEE IS THE
JAPS BUILDING A NATIVE
SHIP--SO WHAT?**



**YES, FLAN, A NATIVE SHIP--
OCEAN BY THIS PLAN OF
THE SHIP THAT WE HAVE
STOLEN FROM THE JAPS!**

**OBSERVE, FLAN, THAT THE SHIP IS
HOLLOW BELOW THE WATER LINE--IT
FORMS A TUNNEL IN WHICH A TINY
2-MAN SUBMARINE IS PLACED--THE SHIPS
THEY SAIL RIGHT INTO ALLIED SHIPPING
LANES, THERE THE SUBS ARE RELEASED
AND SINK YOUR SHIPS WITH TORPEDOS
AND RETURN TO THE NATIVE CRAFT!! IN
THIS WAY, THE TINY SUBS, WHICH ARE ONLY
ABLE TO CRUISE A SHORT DISTANCE UNDER
THEIR OWN POWER, CAN CARRY OUT
ATTACKS THOUSANDS
OF MILES AWAY!!**

**I GET IT! THEY CAN
GO ANYWHERE IN THE
PACIFIC, AND THE JAP
CREW DISGUISED AS
NATIVES WOULD BE
ABLE TO FOR ANY
ALLIED PATROL,
GALLIPOLI GREENS,
I'VE GOTTA
TELL GARY!!**



POET, GARY OVER HERE--GAY--I KNOW NOW THE JAPS ARE SINKING OUR SHIPS!! I'VE GOT PLANS OF THEIR SHIP!! I'LL EXPLAIN ON THE WAY BACK TO OUR SHIP!!

MYSTERY SHIP!! HOW DID YOU FIND OUT?



LATER--ON THE SHIP, AS TUB FINISHES HIS EXPLANATION-- NO WONDER NO PATROL CAN STOP THOSE SINKINGS-- BY THE WAY, TUB, THE JAPS WERE SO PLEASED AT OUR VOLUNTEERING THEY INTEND TO INCLUDE US IN THE FLEET SAILING AT DAWN-- A FLEET OF MYSTERY SHIPS! LET'S PLAN--



DAWN--THE FLEET OF FIVE INNOCENT-LOOKING SHIPS SET SAIL!!



WELL, TUB, WE'RE UNDER WAY--RUNNY, THE WAY THE JAP COMMANDER DECIDED TO USE OURS AS HIS FLAG-SHIP! THAT MEANS THE REST MUST ALL BE SUB-CARRIERS, RIGHT!!

RIGHT, GARY!! BUT I THINK THEY'RE IN FOR A SURPRISE TONIGHT!



SPIRIT OF '76!



WELL, GAY, THE SLOW-MOVING FLEET SAIL ON--



--AND THEN--IN THE FIRST HOUR OF DARKNESS--

IT'S DARK ENOUGH NOW!! MORE TUB IS READY--LET'S GO!!



STARTLED BY THE CRY, THE JAP COMMANDER AND HIS STAFF FUR OUT OF THE CABIN TO MEET A GRIM RECEPTION OF-- **IRON FISTS!!**

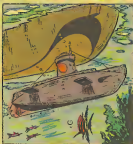




CALLING THE NARROW GAP BETWEEN THE TWO VESSELS 'THE SPIRIT OF '76,' CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY TURBO, WAGED INTO THE ASTONISHED JAPS!



WELL, THAT DOES IT! COME ON, TUBO—LET'S FIND THAT GUY! HERE! THIS HATCH!!



I'M HEADING FOR THE NEAREST SUB CARRIER! GET THOSE TORPEDOS READY!!



AND SECONDS LATER, THE TINY, BUT DEADLY CRAFT, STRIKES AGAIN--



TUB THE JAPS LAUNCHED THEIR SUB BEFORE THAT LAST CARRIER SUNK! WE'LL HAVE TO GET IT! GOT ANY TORPEDOS LEFT??



NO! WE'LL HAVE TO RAM EM!



GOT 'EM!

PHWE! THAT AIR FEELS GOOD! THOUGHT WE WERE SINKERS THAT TIME! WAIT TIL I CHANGE MY SPIRIT OF '76 OUTFIT--OK, TUB, HAIL THE SHIP!

RIGHT, GARY! AHoy HADJII-- COME ON OVER-- THROW US A LINE!



SEV'G LATER--AT DARWIN--



GREAT WORK, BLANKELY AND REYNOLDS! YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN! SOLVED THE MYSTERY OF THE JAP SUB MENACE! CAPTURED A SUB, AND PLANS OF A NOCTURNAL SHIP! AND--

THAT'S NOT ALL!



WELL! THIS IS A SURPRISE! A JAP ADMIRAL-- AND HIS STAFF!!



WELL! THIS IS A SURPRISE! A JAP ADMIRAL-- AND HIS STAFF!!

THE STORY BEHIND THE COVER:

LAST MILE VENGEANCE

It was striking midnight, and as a nation waited with breath bated, in the State Prison Death House, they came for him—came to escort the dread gang overlord on his last mile . . .

Disdainfully, scarred face held high, Gats Cannon walked towards the little green door at the end of the corridor—for he knew what his keepers never dreamed. . . Knew of the Terror planned, the Horror yet to come. . . Knew that his macabre Power was yet to return . . . RETURN FROM THE GRAVE!

Disdainfully, he walked into the death chamber, sat in The Chair, and in five minutes was burned, pronounced eternally dead—a cigar between his lips.

A nation breathed easier. Its most vicious Public Enemy was dead.

So they thought . . .

* * * *

It began, most quietly, two hours later . . .

Gentle of step, the slim figure slid sidewise through the open window. Inside, the figure moved up to where the sleeper slept. A flashlight clicked the night out of the sleeper's eyes, and before he—District Attorney Grange—could move, cry out, the knife in the figure's hand rose and fell. A rasping gargle, a gasped gargle of words: "Y-You--? But it c-can't be y-you—Gats Cannon! I know! Y-You're d-dea . . ."

And as the D.A. fell back, from one attacker's taut lips came: "And now, Grange—SO ARE YOU!"

High above the metropolis, like the journalistic eagle which he was, Britt Reid—crusading publisher of The Daily Sentinel—sat in his office, perturbed. Repeatedly he scanned the black teletype on the yellow copy sheet in his hand; repeatedly, he read half-aloud: FLASH*** D.A. IS FOUND MURDERED IN BEDROOM*** NOTE LEFT BY KILLER FOUND BESIDE DEATH-BED SIGNED "GATS CANNON"****

"Serious . . ." Britt murmured—"VERY serious! It can't be, yet—" Suddenly he high-tensed into action. He did three things with stopwatch precision; he called his home: "Kato? Bring Black Beauty! Meet me at the usual place!" He buzzed his Press Room foreman: "Britt Reid speaking! Stop the presses on Page One! Stand-by!" Then he sped towards the fire stair at the rear of the long office corridor outside . . .

* * * *

In the dimness of the cavernous warehouse, they had gathered. Spine-chilling was the scene they made, these—the underworld's dread dogs—all sworn to a Cause Beyond Good and Evil, sworn to a Leader already stiff in the unmarked grave to which the unclaimed electro-cuted are forever assigned.

And now, HIS VOICE spoke to them, spoke from out of one of the huge grinning skulls which hung along the walls, spoke with grating authority!

"Attention down there, you foul scum! Yes—it is me, Gats Cannon! I'm not dead! They can't kill me—not with all the volts in the world! I'm here! I still RULE! Get ME—RULE!" The booming voice cackled, then spat:

"And YOU will carry out my orders! To the letter! And here is your first new assignment!"

The voice out of the skull high above the motley horde of assorted cut-throats standing at absolute attention on the bare floor, began reading. The bizarre group below intently listened . . . and as they listened, they fingered the lethal weapons in their pockets . . .

* * * *

The hour was late, and the strip fog which straddled the metropolis made visibility uncertain, made normal shapes grotesque and shadows malignant. Through the night, Black Beauty, famed supercar of Green Hornet, endlessly purred as the Man Of Night, and his faithful companion, Kato scoured the darkness.

Then, without warning it began—far ahead on the River Parkway! Flame erupted from the River Works' gas storage tanks then exploded—shaking the very City and lighting the night sky much as neon.

Black Beauty snapped forward, and in seconds' time screeched to an abrupt halt beside the toppling tanks.

Green Hornet catapulted himself forward just in time to observe the gang of men fleeing into a waiting motor launch! He gave chase and dove down amongst them!

At once he was smothered with lunging bodies which moved with vicious ferocity! He lashed out with flying fists and managed to free himself long enough to send two of the attackers screaming over-the-side! But still . . . others came at him!

And then, Green Hornet noticed what would have made a lesser man scream with HORROR! CHARGING HIM WAS GATS CANNON!!!

He ducked and smashed forward with his fists but Cannon didn't flinch with

the force of the blows. Instead the gun in his hand blazed. Green Hornet fell prostrate across the gunwhale. The launch chugged on . . .

* * * *

Blood was bitter in his mouth when consciousness returned. Green Hornet found himself in the Cavern Of Skulls!

Gats Cannon leaned down, out of his perch on an empty-leering skull mouth socket. Hornet forgot the pain, and said calmly: "So we meet again, Gats? Last time we did you came off second-best—and wound up doing a stretch! Remember?"

Gats' only reply was to idly motion with the cigaret in his slim-fingered hand. And, one of the thugs raised a gun, pointing it at Green Hornet's heart! "Dis gives me pleasure, two-timer," the hood gritted. He pressed the trigger!

TWO SHOTS RANG OUT! The thug staggered and fell as Kato swung into the Cavern through a high rear window—smoking pistol in hand! Hornet broke loose, drew his famed gas gun and fired!

Sleep-gas eddied and swirled, sending dazed hoods to the floor unconscious! Gats screamed in a shrill high voice and toppled down off his perch!

The fallen gang overlord drew back in fear, TEARS IN HIS EYES!!

"Don't worry, I never hit a woman—even if she is Jezebel!" Green Hornet snapped. Kato's eyes popped. "Yes, Kato—this isn't Gats Cannon here, but if I don't miss my guess, GATS CANNON'S TWIN SISTER! Out to revenge his execution! I guessed it when she didn't speak to me just now, and by her cigarette. GATS ALWAYS SMOKED CIGARS!"

Kato gaped as wet mascara smudged the gang chief's face . . .

TWINKLE TWINS



HOLD YOUR HATS!

A JAP SPY--KIDNAPPER,
A DISINTEGRATION RAY, AND
A 600-POUND GORILLA--
COMING TO GIVE THE
TWINKLE TWINS AND
THEIR FRIENDS MAKE AND MIKEY
MURDERED. THE TIME OF THEIR
LIVES WHEN THEY GOT INVOLVED
WITH EVERYTHING BUT THE
KITCHEN SINK IN THIS TALE OF:

"GORILLA-TACTICS"



IT ALL STARTS INNOCENTLY
ENOUGH--

WHAT'S THE
PROBLEM, MIKEY?
YOU'VE BEEN
ACTING
PECULIARLY
LATELY!

DON'T
YOU
FEEL
HOLLOW

CHER, LOOK!
HERE COMES
SHOCKLEY,
CHER!!



--AND NATURALLY THERE'S A
WOMAN INVOLVED--

HI, SHOCKLEY! MY
BUT YOURS LOOKS
SUUPER THIS
EVENING!

HUMPH!!
UNCOOUTH
SUFFRAN!



--AND LOVE CAN COM-
PLICATE A MAN'S LIFE--

AW, CHERRY
SHE ALLA
TUNE GUN!
AS TH'
BOLSH-OF!

WELL, DAN,
THAT
EXPLAINS
WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
MIKEY! AUGH
CASE OF
LOVE!

ESPECIALLY WHEN JEALOUSY
REARS UP ITS UGLY HEAD---

WELL I TAKE NOTICE
SHE DON'T GIVE DAT
RICH ROBERT VAN
HENDENWAY DA
COLD SHOULDER! I
SUSSE DEN FANCY
OLDS DOES DA
TRICK!



COME ON, KID,
YOU'RE BRASHING
OUR HEARTS! DON'T
LET HER
SEE YOU
CARE SO
MUCH, HONEY!

ACROSS THE STREET, TWO
FURTHER CHARACTERS LURK,
SO YOU SEE, THE PLOT,
THICKENS EARLY---

DAT'S DEN KID--ROBERT VAN
HENDENWAY, HIS DEER FENDERBRO,
DAUGHTER! HIS
OL' MAN IS
WORTH
MILLIONS!



MADE TUN
ORDER, LOUSE!
IT'LL BE A CONCH!

IF GLASSY
OLDS KIN
MAKE A
LICK LIKE
ESBOTT LOOK
GOOD IN--
AGNE NOT
DA SAME
COULD DO
FER ME!

SO LONG,
MINEY!
DON'T LET IT
GET YOU
DOWN!

ONE
OUR
RECORDS
TO
HARRY!



UPSTAIRS IN MIKE'S APARTMENT--

WELL--MIKE'S PRETTY FLUSH TONIGHT.
HE SHOULDN'T HAVE FIFTY
BUCKS OR SO! ANYWAY, HE
DON'T WANT HIS NEPHEW
BOOM ROUND LOOKIN'
LIKE A BUM!



ONE! HE'S
GONE TO
SLEEP WIT
A CIGAR IN
HIS MOUT' AGAIN! BETTER
PUT IT OUT AFROE HE
BOWNS NOSEBLEED!

ZZZZ--
(SIGHURGLE)



YE-OW! I'M
DROWNED!
(GUGG) I'LL
MOIDER
SOMEBODY!

DAT'S DA
TANKS I GOT
FER SAVING 'EM
FROM A HORRIBLE
DEATH!

A FEW MINUTES
LATER--

THIS
IS A
Genuine
SCOTCH
THREAT
SIC!

NO WONDER
IT FEELS SO
TIGHT! SHOW
ME DAT OUTRY
YUH GOT IN
BUM WINDER!

DIG IS ESSENTIAL
LIKE ESBOTT'S
GUY!

OKAY, BUD--I'LL
TAKE DAT ONE!

YES, BUD
SHALL I HELP
IT UP--OR
WELL YOU
WEAR IT?





A NEW MIKEY IS BORN!
HOW JST HAT TL SHOUL
PIPED DIS GET-UP? I'M
SURE DRESSED TO KILL!



OUT--
HEY--
WOT IN--
AAAGH!!
TIME TO GO TO
SLEEP NOW L.S.
MAK! RICK 'EM
UP, MAG!



A LITTLE LATER, IN THE
CELLAR-LABORATORY IN
SHERLEY MARTINEAU'S HOUSE,
OUR INMATED HERO
RECAPS SOME CIRCUMSTANCES
WOTS DIS! SAY LOUIS--
WHERE AM I? I'LL
MODER
DA--
SAY LOUIS--
DAY CAN'T BE
DA 18TH ANYING
WAY KID!

NOW YOU
BLACKGUARDS
HAVE INVOLVED
ME IN
KIDNAPPING!
DEAR ME! I'VE
HAD NOTHING
BUT TROUBLE
SINCE YOU CAME



BUT LET'S GO BACK A COUPLE
DAYS AND SEE WHAT THIS
IS ALL ABOUT--
PEST! HAVE VERY FINE
PROFESSION FOR YOU
HONORABLE BAD MEN--
GIVE YOU MERRUM TEN
POLS INSURANCE CON-
CESSION FOR TOND
MIGHT-DEBET! YES!



PROFESSOR
MARTINEAU HAS
DISCOVERED A
VERY POWERFUL
IDENTIFICATION I
DAY THAT COULD
TURN THE TIDE
OF WAR FOR
HONORABLY
JAPAN! GET IT
AND THE MERRUM
TEN IS YOURS
AND THE CONCESSION
IN TOND!



BUD, YOU'RE
MADE A DEAL!
HEY LOUIS--WOT
STATE IS DE
TOND BURS
WH



NO PROFESSOR MARTINEAU
HAD VISITORS--
MAKE WIT DA
INVENTION,
PROFESSION,
OR HER A
DEAD DUCK!
YOU! BUT--
GENTLEMAN, MY DIS-
INTERATION
WAS IT
UP--WELL
TAKE IT
AS IS!
I HAVEN'T
MADE A HORRANT
MODEL SINCE THE
ACQUANT WOULD
LOST 80,000 WHICH
I HAVEN'T
GOD!



WHI WHERE
CAN WE GET
TEN GRAND!
I GOT IT!
WELL
KIDNAP
COME
RICH
KID!
TEAR IN
WELL KIDNAP
IN PUT DAY
TIND TO-
GATHER!
ANY FUNNY
BUSINESS AN
HE BUND OFF
YOUR
COTTER!
OR YOU
MUSTN'T
RASH ENLIGHT
I'LL DO ANYTHING
YOU SAY!



LIND THAT'S WHY MIKEY
MURSTADT WAS KID-
NAPPED!
WELL, HERE
STUCK AND YOU
SO HE MIGHT'S
WELL MADE DA
MOST OF IT
TELL ME UNCLE
TA GET UP TEN
GRAND OR
ELSE!
GEE! AFTER
DAY TOTTY WOULD
BE ADVANCED
HE'S DON'T
KNOW I'VE
COME ACROSS
WIT TEN GRAND
MORE! AN,
DIDNODUP
AN' WRITE!

DID HE HEAR YOU
RIGHT WHEN YOU
SPOKE? ANGIE'S
BEEN KIDNAPPED.

TEAM! AND THIRD-
MARRIAGE MUST TEN
SECOND FOR HIM--
YOUR TALK, HE
HAS ALICE OF
OLD MOTHER, FLEE

Well, I have
suggested by a
not so winter-
to look at the
ground if you want
to get me out
and back the
down on a paper
in the house
and finally at last
with, and that
of as Cyprian! or
your affog
Smiles

FIGURES STEAL INTO
AN ALLEY. BUT SHOULD
HERE'S CA
BAG-KEEP
TEN EYES
PULLED!

YOUNG MENAPERS
YOU MUST BE
PUTS! IF YOUSE
WANTS ME TO TAY
WE NEED OFF Y
HANS YOUSE I
HAVE TO PAY AN
TEN GRAND-- AN
THAT'S PURTY
GIBEROUS OF

WANT OUT-DO
PLAYING OUT
RIGHT IN A
SHOOTING
I SEE
1941

SLUGGERS!
AUGUST!
STAY
FENCIBLE.

DO YOU
LIFE
THINK YOU'D
GET AWAY
WITH THIS?

NEWTON
MA

LOOK OUT!
HE'S GOT A

1997

CHARTER BUS
NOISE AB
ATTENTION

THAT WON'T
BE ALL ONT'S
SLEEPIN' IF
WE DON'T GET
HUNG FIRST!

KEEP BACK WITH
DOWN SLATS AS
GETTING
CLOSE!

CRAPS! DA
KIDS LOOSE

EXAMPLE AT THE UNIVERSITY

DELISH! GOOD MORNING,
GORILLA. GUY KID! I'LL
SEND YA A CARTE
D'AMORAS PER
DIE!



GOLLOH!
WOOD-OOO!

DO YOU RATS HAVE
COME BACK HUM?
I'LL GIVE YAH A
WELCOME NAW HONT
FERDIT!



MIGHTY MIDGETS

LION HUNTERS







HALT! DROP THE
YANKEE PUPPETS!

GRRRR!

RRR!



SAY, WHAT'S
THE BIG IDEA
LANA. ? - I
THOUGHT
YOU LOVED
M-OUCH!

YEOUWW?



BETTY, HOW
YOU'VE CHANGED!
I TOLD YOU NOT
TO TRY THAT
NEW BEAUTY
PARLOR

GRRR!



LOOK,
FELLERS,
LIONS!

MAYBE
WE'RE
IN THE
WRONG
ZOO?

I HOPE
I'M
S-STILL
D DREAMIN'!



OUT OF
MY WAY,
PUSSEY

OH BOY,
GUYS, IT'S
TARZAN
COMING
TO RESCUE
US!

LOOKS
MORE
LIKE
DOROTHY
LAMOUR
TO ME!

THAT!

FOR



HI YA,
TOOTS -
HOW
ABOUT A
-YEOUW?

LET THAT TEACH
YOU TO RESPECT
THE SACRED
PERSON OF
MADAME
BUTTERFLY!



BUT AIN'T YOU
GOING TO HELP
US ESCAPE
FROM THESE
OVERGROWN
ALLEYCATS
?

HA'HA! LISTEN
TO THE PYGMY!
HELP YOU
ESCAPE? I WILL
SOON FEED YOU
TO THE LIONS
ALONG WITH
THEIR WHEATIES!

HELP!



OH, HELP ME
SKINNY. HE
THINKS I'M
A SEVEN
COURSE
MEAL!

IF YOU'D
ONLY
LISTENED
TO ME
FATTY, YOU
WOULDN'T
LOOK
LIKE A
RARE
LAMB
CHOP!



BUT WE
DON'T
FEEL
LIKE A
BREAK-
FAST
CEREAL!

WHATSA
MATTIA,
AIN'T
DOG
BISCUITS
GOOD
ENOUGH
FOR 'EM
?

YOU'LL BE
FEEDIN'
'EM A
DIET
THEY
AIN'T
ACCUSTOM
ED TO!

HONEST
WE'RE
VERY
INDIGES-
TIBLE!



I AM JAPANESE! I CAME
HERE TO TRAIN THE SE
LIONS FOR THE JAPANESE.
WAGS. JAPAN IS VERY
CLEVER. WE DO NOT
HAVE TO USE DOGS
LIKE THE STUPID
AMERICANS.
WE WILL USE
LIONS! HAH!



JAPAN WILL SOON
HAVE SECRET
WEAPONS IN EVERY
THING INCLUDING
ANIMALS. NOW
YOU SHALL STUFF
THE BELLIES OF
ANY LITTLE LIONS
DOWN, AMERICAN
FOOLS, AND BE
EATEN!



ZEBRA



COMBLE AND FLEET...WISE AND LEARNED...ATHLETE AND SCHOLAR... STRANGE IS THIS MIXTURE WHICH HAS GONE INTO THE MAKING OF MIGHTY ZEBRA! AND WHEN A SHRED BUSINESS BRAIN TURNS TO MAKING OF MURDER FOR SECRET PROFIT...CONSULTING OUR NATION'S FORTUNE...THEN IT IS TIME FOR THE STROPPED STRINGER FOR RIGHT...TO REEL AND RACE WITH TERROR.

TERIBLE IN THE THRILLER—
"DEATH PLAYS THE OUTFIELD"

PLAY BALL!



S-SOMETHING'S WRONG—I LOOK AT THE WAY THOSE PLAYERS ARE ACTING! I TELL YOU SOMETHING'S WRONG!





UNDERBATH THE STANDS—
OBVIOUSLY—SURREN—!

STOP!
JOHN DOYLE!
STOP!!

O-OWH!
(GASP)
HELLO?
WHO'S THERE?

CALED CRAM—
UMMM! YES—
WHAT DO YOU
WANT?

GLAD TO SEE YOU,
DOYLE! BRUMPH!
YES, GLAD YOU GOT
HERE! QUICK—

THAT
HORRIBLE
MAN!

GOT HERE!
I'VE BEEN
WATCHING YOUR
TEAM PLAY—AND—
HOW WOULD YOU
CALL ME? I'M NOT
A TWO-PENNY SHAPER
YOU CAN HEE FOR
YOUR SCHEMES!
CALED?

QUITE SO,
QUITE SO!
BRUMPH—
EXACTLY—
WHY I
WANTED A
GOOD
LAWYER
TO HANDLE
A SLIGHT
CASE OF
MURDER
INTERESTED!

NO! AND THE LETTUCE
INTERESTS ME LESS! SORRY,
I WENT WORK FOR YOU,
CALED. I'M AN HONEST
ATTORNEY!

EH? DOYLE, I
GUESS IT—I'M
NOT IN ON THE
ARE Y' OYARS? WHY
WOULD I KILL MY TEAM'S
STAR FIELDER?

WHO KNOWS?

WHY YOU—

IMMEDIATELY AFTER...IN A GUARDED LOCKER-
ROOM—

AM, MAADAM! TAKE ME FOR—BARNUM'S SURPRISE!
I'M TELLIN' YALL, THAT IF YALL CLAMP ON ME—
I'LL STOP ALL YOUR GAMES! I'VE HEARD! STOP
—EN! COULD! NOW SPILL IT! WHO
BUMPED BARRY KING, THE
OUTFIELDER?

(COUGH!
(GULP!)
(SIGH)

AND WHAT MAKES
YOU THINK THEY'D
KNOW, LIEUTENANT?

I—MINE WH—WHO
SAID THAT DOYLE?
SCRAM, GYSTER—
I'M NO FRIEND OF
YOURS!



REGARDLESS OF THAT--I HAVE BUSINESS HERE! I'M REPRESENTING CALIF CRAN, CHAIRMAN OF THE BALL CLUB!

SORRY, I SAID JEP--HUM! WHO ARE--I HOLD--CRAN, TH' CHAIRMAN! COMING TO--(GULTTED)--



HEHHEH! THANK YOU, LIEUTENANT! I'LL BE SAME FOR YOU SOME DAY! WANT YOUR FEET NOW JOHN!

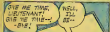
FEET? NO, NOT NOOLES! WELL, WOULD IT UP WHEN I DELIVER THE KILLES!

WELL, I'LL BE-- CALIF CRAN! SO YOU HOLD?



SENCE IN THE SWEAT-SCENTED LOCKER ROOM... AS A SUPER-SMART CERTAINLY CRUSHING BRAIN THING ABOUT!

OHAY COLE--I WENT TO COLLEGE AN' LAFF SCHOOL! HE, I'N A DUDE DICK, EH? WELL--WHO DID IT? HUM?



GIVE ME TIME, LIEUTENANT! GIVE ME TIME--SIS!

WELL, I'LL BE--



EH, EH! DON'T SAY IT, LIEUTENANT! EH! EH--GOOD LUCK, JOHN..



GIVE TIME--NEXT DAY! A STAR PITCHER SHINES--AN AGE BATTER GLAZES--



STRANGELY SOUNDLESS--THE CROWD--



A TRIPLE! WOWWWW!!

WHAT A SMACK! IT'S GONNA BE A HOME!

CRACK

SPEDDIE!... FROM A CIRCULAR
SPHERICAL OBJECT OF GOOD
ATHLETIC FUN--

I-AM AFRAID...! (PANT-PANT)...
THE S-BALL W-WILL BLOW UP!

BOOMWW!

I-LOOK OUT!
I-IT'S--
YENHHH H-H-H!

STARTLINGLY-- THE STRIPED
STOCKINGS!

I-ZEBRA!
I-WATCH OUT,
Y-YOU'LL O-ODD
OO-PH--



PUTTING WITH HIS NAMESAKE'S RIMED
SPEED--GRIM ZEBRA--

I-ZEBRA--(WHY NOT ME!)
I S-SWEAR... I DIDN'T
KNOW IT--(GULP)--IT
WAS A MURDER BALL!

GOT TO GET THE
FEET OF THOSE
BALLS! I NEED A
CLUB!



GET GONE! YOU'LL
HAVE YOUR CHANCE
TO CLEAR YOURSELF!

I-BUT I S-SWEAR,
ZEBRA--NOW I HAD
I TO KNOW!
IT LOOKED JUST
LIKE A REGULAR
S-BALL (PANTS!)

ONE SPILT SECOND
LATER--AT HOME PLATE!

S-SPEED
GRIEF! I-ZEBRA!
GIM, WHAT
DO YOU
THINK YOUR
CONCK!

I'M IN NO MOOD
TO APOLOGIZE,
UNP! GIVE ME
THOSE HORROR
HORSEHOES--
NOM--AND NOM--

I WANT TO GET
OUT OF HERE!

DANGEROUS UP!

HAY, COME
BACK! VROO!
MY EVIDENCE,
BLAST YOU!
COME BACK
OR I'LL--

BOTTLE IT,
LIEUTENANT
AND BALL
IT TO
INFLATE
BALLOONS
CHEER'D!



... IN A GETTING SOMEHOW SIMPSTER--
MEASURED AND CAREFUL WHISPERS--



BACKSTAGE MESSHUP-- 5 DIABOLICALLY
CENTRIOUS DIGITS MANIPULATE--

HEH! HEH! SO THE GREAT
JOHN DOYLE'S AFTER US, EH?
ANYBOD--NEXT! ANYBOD--
THINK HE'LL GET IN--?

HAVE YOUR
MURDER BALLS
LEAVE NO EVIDENCE!
SPRINT-- YOU'RE A
CLEVER MAN--
NOW HURRY--



READY! HERE--!

THERE, IT'S ALL
PREPARED TO GO BOOM!
HEH HEH! OF COURSE,
I'M CLUEFUL! HADN'T
WE GOT THE WHOLE
CITY TALKING! AND
POOR JOHN DOYLE
DROVE AWAKE NIGHTS!

SPRINT, YOU'RE
A STRANGE MAN!
WHY, I'LL WAGER
YOU'D MAKE ME
UP THOSE CONFESSIONS
JUST FOR THE FUN OF
IT... YOU DEVI, I'LL
BE GOING NOW--

GOOD NIGHT! AND GOOD LUCK! I'LL
BE IN THE STANDS AT THE GAME
WATCHING--HEH, HEH! WATCHING AND
COUNTING THE PROFITS!

MEANWHILE--



A KEEN CRIMINOLOGICAL BRAIN IS SHIFTER--

THAT'S THE LAST BASEBALL OF THE LOT, I
MADE OFF WITH, AS ZEPHYR... NOTHING KNOWS
THERE! JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS...ORDINARY
HARMLESS NOBODIES! BY HARRY!



A KILLER STALKS THE BALL PARK...
AND I'M HELPLESS! HEH--DISGUSTING!
ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO...AND TO
DO IT, I'LL HAVE TO USE MY ZEPHYR
BLUES! HERE GOES--





THERE HE GOES-- I FORCED
HIM HAVE ALL EIGHT--AND
AND GOT HIM A RAYON



THIS PLAYER'S LOCKER-ROOM'S A LIVELY PLACE FOR-
MORROW, DESERTION! ID BETTER
CHECK THOSE... 21



DON'T LET
YOUR HONESTY



I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU NO-- NOOWWW!!

NO, EH? HATE AND WATCH CAL GRAB!

SH! BAAA! AND NOW, MR. MESSING TREAT!

ALL CUT OUT YOUR
HEART AND--HEE-HEE--





--AND AS THE POLICE ARRIVE UNNOTICED IN THE REAR...A GUEST EXIT--

IN HERE! THAT'S WHERE THE SHOT--
O-CALLED CRAIN--!

YEAH, BOSS! AN' LOOK--A WET BASEBALL IN HIS ANTI!

I-OMN! I'M INNOCENT! I TELL YOU! INNOCENT! WHERE'S JOHN BOYLE, MY LAWYER?

WELL, YOU'RE GONNA NEED HIM! LOOK, BOYS--SOME SORT OF THE-BOYS MECHANISM INSIDE THE BASEBALL!



MOVING LATER, AS JOHN BOYLE APPEARS--

I HIRED YOU BOYLE! GET ME LOOSE! DEFEND ME!

I-I--

I DON'T DEFEND MURDERERS-- ONLY INNOCENT MEN--AND YOU NEVER HIRED ME--FOR THE SIMPLE REASON THAT I NEVER ACCEPTED A RETAINER! OH, BY THE WAY, LIEUTENANT CRAIN MUST HAVE HAD AN ACCQUPLICE--A WITCHHAKER! BETTER LOOK HIM UP! CRAIN'LL SPILL IT ALL IN A DAY OR TWO!

RIGHT! I HAD YOU TRICKED WITHIN FORTY EIGHT HOURS! NO HARD FEELINGS!



NOT ABOUT THE MURDER--CRAIN'S TEAM WAS IN BORTH PLACE-- LOSING MONEY! HE KILLED THOSE PLAYERS TO COLLECT ON HIS HEAVY ACCIDENT INSURANCE--IT RAN INTO THE MILLIONS! I CHECKED WITH HIS INSURANCE FIRM THIS MORNING.

GOOD WORK! SAVERS ARE THE JOB WELL DONE--ANYTIME I NEED A LAWYER, I'LL YELL FIRST FOR YOU! S'LONG!



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army-navy laughs
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FLAK FROM A FLYING FORTRESS

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR, PILOT LT. J.C. LONG AND THE NEW FLYING FORTRESS WERE DODGING MURDEROUS FLAK IN NAZI-HELD TERRITORY.

JERRY'S LUCKY WITH HIS FLAK... OUR GAS LINE IS PERCED! —WE'RE GOING DOWN, KIDS!



LONG SKILLFULLY MAKES A FORCED LANDING ON A ROAD!



THE NEUTRALS BE HERE ANY MINUTE! LOOK, SHARP!

THERE COME THE NAZIS!



BUT WE HOP'N LET THEM CAPTURE THIS BOMB, WILL WE?







THE SUB IS FORCED TO SUBMERGE

ARE WE SINKING OR ARE WE GOING?

ARE WE DYING? WHERE ARE WE GOING?

SILENCE! PRISONERS WILL REFRAIN FROM SPEAKING TO GUARDS!



A FEW DAYS LATER!!

WE OUGHT TO BE NEAR HITLERLAND BY NOW!

DON'T BE IMPATIENT, LONG, WE'RE STILL IN FOR SOME ROUGH WEATHER!



HIMMEL!



THE SUB, MORTALLY HIT, BELLIGERENTLY



AMERICAN AND BRITISH PLANES ATTACK THE GERMAN SUB!!



THE LIGHTS GO OUT!

THOSE CRAZY NAZIS! LOOK AT THEM! THEY'RE SO SCARED THEY'RE KILLING EACH OTHER!

HOWLING, PANICKED NAZIS BATTLE THEIR OWN CONRADES!

AS THE SUBMERGE SHEDDERS FROM THE BLAST OF ANOTHER BOMB!

GAY THIS IS NO JOKE! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT! O'WON!

THE TEXAN PRISONERS DESERT THE PRISONERS!

HURRY, FELLOWS, THE
WATER IS COMING—
IN FAST! WE'LL DROWN
LIKE RATS!



WE'LL
HAVE TO
BREAK IT
DOWN!

THEY'VE LOCKED THE DOOR
ON US, THE #6 BUN!



IT'S NO USE! THE
DOOR WON'T BUDGE!

LISTEN, MILLIE, THE
MOTORS HAVE
STOPPED!



WHAT'S
THAT RATTLING NOISE
—IS THE SHIP SPUTTING
UP?

IT'S PROBABLY
TRACER BULLETS
BOUNCING OFF THE
COMING TOWER!



WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE, AND
QUICK! MAYBE WE CAN TRICK
THEM. YOU CAN SPEAK
GERMAN, MILLIE.
DISGUISE YOUR VOICE
AND CALL OUT TO THE
GUARDS! THEY'LL
THINK ONE OF THEIR
OWN MEN IS
STILL IN HERE!



THE DOOR
OPENS!

GREAT STUFF,
MILLIE, IT WORKED!
THE DOOR'S OPEN!
—LET'S RUSH THE
ROTTEN LICE!



KAMARADEN! MACHT DIE TÜR AUF!
IN GOTTES NAMEN, MACHT DIE
TÜR AUF. WIR
STERBEN!



IN THE OUTER COMPARTMENT!

I'M CROWD!
WHAT'S THAT
GAS?

CHLORINE GAS! QUICK—
THE HANDKERCHIEFS
ACROSS YOUR
FACES!





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BY THE MOVIES



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